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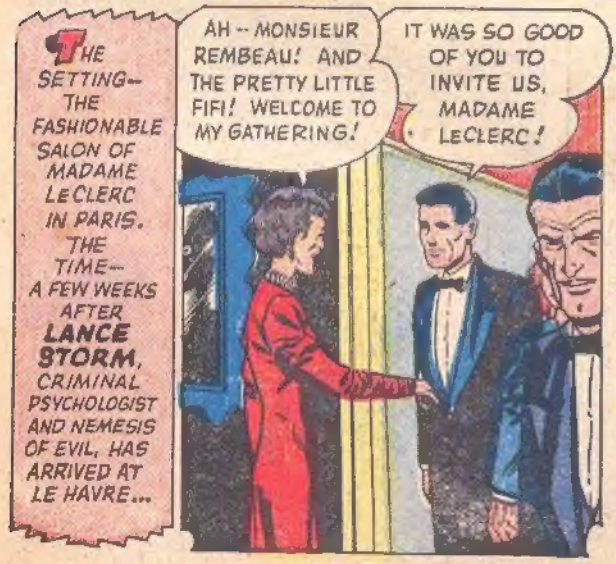
Once again, LANCE STORM matches wits and skill against the cunning PROFESSOR ZARNO, his arch-enemy, and master of crime! Only this time, the evil madman has a scheme that is weird and terrible in its implications to the civilized world! For, using hypnosis and terror -- he strikes with the...

Claws of the Green Girl!



FOR, LATER THAT NIGHT, WHEN SHE WALKS INTO THE LIBRARY TO BRING OUT A TRAY OF LIQUEURS, A HAND REACHES OUT FOR HER THROAT—A GREEN HAND!!
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU? NO! NO!
I HAVE COME FOR YOUR JEWELS! YOU WILL GIVE THEM TO ME!
Y-YOU ARE MAD! THIS IS SOME GHASTLY JOKE! GO AWAY! I SHALL CALL THE GENDARMES! DO--DO NOT TOUCH ME!!
PLEASE --! PLEASE!!!
CLICK!
YAAAAAH!
W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM THE LIBRARY!
MADAME LeCLERC WAS IN THERE ONLY A FEW MOMENTS AGO! OHHH...
COME ON!
EEEEEEEEEEE!
SHE IS DEAD! CALL THE AUTHORITIES IMMEDIATELY! HER JEWELS ARE ALSO GONE!
MURDERED! SHE HAS BEEN MURDERED!
2

AND IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, A DOZEN MURDERS OCCUR--EACH WITH THE THEFT OF A FABULOUS JEWEL OR DIAMOND! -- AND EACH FOUL INCIDENT COLORED WITH THE FANTASTIC DESCRIPTION OF A **GREEN** GIRL!

SPECIAL

Daily Record

FAMOUS ENTERTAINER KILLED! DIAMOND STOLEN!

Banker Meets Doom On Bridge!

"Green" Girl Sought For Murder!

AND AT HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH SURETÉ, THE CHIEF OF POLICE SENDS FOR **LANCE STORM**, FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTER...

THIS IS MORE ALONG YOUR LINE, MONSIEUR STORM! WE KNEW YOU HAD ARRIVED IN OUR COUNTRY FOR A VACATION! WE ARE EXTREMELY SORRY TO HAVE DISTURBED IT!

NOT AT ALL, MONSIEUR CLAROT! THIS SO-CALLED "GREEN GIRL"-- TELL ME ABOUT HER!

THERE IS NOT MUCH TO TELL! WHAT FEW WITNESSES HAVE BEEN AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIMES, ALL SWEAR THEY HAVE SEEN A YOUNG GIRL WITH GREEN-COLORED SKIN NEAR EACH VICTIM! IT IS A STRANGE, INEXPLICABLE CLUE!

NOT INEXPLICABLE, MONSIEUR! MY EXPERIENCE WITH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA ALWAYS PROVES OTHERWISE! BUT LET'S INVESTIGATE THESE CRIME SCENES...

A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE LAST MURDER SCENE...

A BANKER'S OFFICE LIKE THIS DOESN'T GENERALLY CONTAIN MUD! CHIEF--- MAY I USE YOUR SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY?

BUT OF COURSE!

AT THE POLICE LAB, AFTERWARDS...

THIS IS A VERY PECULIAR CHEMICAL REACTION, CHIEF! THE TEST-TUBE CONTAINS GIANT PARTICLES OF COPPER, HENCE THE RED COLOR! NOW IS THERE ANY SECTION OF THE CITY THAT HAS MUD LIKE THIS?

WHY, YES! THE CLAY BANKS NEAR RUE STANSLA ARE NOTED FOR THEIR STRIKING COLOR! THAT IS WHERE ALL THE CARNIVALS ARE!

IT TIES IN PERFECTLY! WHERE ELSE WOULD A GREEN GIRL ESCAPE DETECTION?

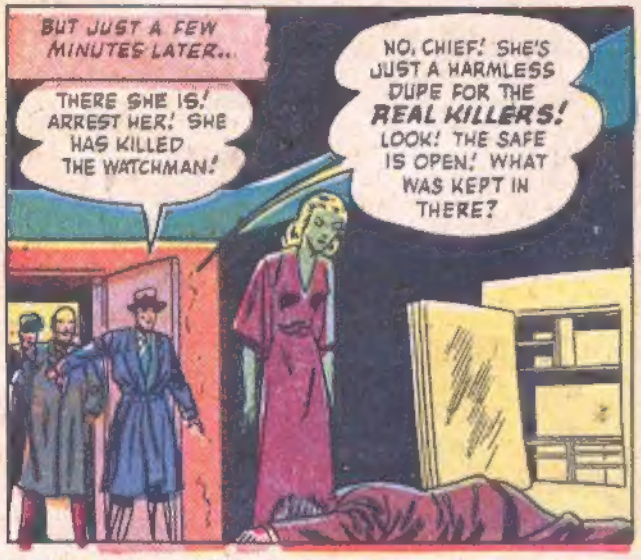
SACRE BLEU! YOU ARE RIGHT! WE WERE SO CONCERNED WITH COLD FACTS THAT WE DID NOT THINK OF A CARNIVAL!

THE CARNIVAL WHERE THE RICH RUB SHOULDERS WITH THE POOR... WHERE PEOPLE OF ALL AGES RELAX AND HAVE A GOOD TIME...
ENTER INTO THESE MYSTERIOUS CONFINES, FRIENDS! BEHOLD THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD BROUGHT TO YOU FROM MYSTERIOUS AFRICA—!
LOOK, CHIEF! THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!!
MONSIEUR STORM! YOU ARE A GENIUS! THERE SHE IS—!
THE GREEN GIRL!!
LANCE AND THE CHIEF WAIT UNTIL THE ACT IS FINISHED. THEN, AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE TENT TO SEE THE GIRL...
NO ONE ENTERS THIS TENT, STRANGER! MARLA DOESN'T WISH TO BE DISTURBED! BEAT IT—OR I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL!
IT'S A SMALL WORLD! AN AMERICAN HERE IN THIS VERY CARNIVAL—AND NOT EVEN A WELL-MANNERED ONE!
WHY, YOU— I'LL— OOOOOF!
YOU'LL DO NOTHING! GET OUT OF THE WAY!
MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE TENT...
NOW TELL ME WHERE YOU WERE WHEN ALL THESE MURDERS OCCURRED! DO YOU HAVE ANY WITNESSES WHO CAN VERIFY YOUR STATEMENTS?
WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? PLEASE, MONSIEUR, PLEASE! I DO NOT KNOW ANYTHING! LEAVE ME!
4

SHE IS GUILTY! DON'T LET HER ESCAPE!
WAIT, CHIEF! I HAD A REASON! DIDN'T YOU SEE THE STARK FEAR IN HER EYES? SOMEONE WAS WATCHING HER WHEN SHE TALKED TO US! WE COULD HAVE ARRESTED HER!
YES! BUT I HAVE A FEELING SHE ISN'T THE ONE!
BESIDES—WHILE SHE WAS TALKING, SHE LEFT A NOTE IN MY HAND. SHE MUST HAVE LISTENED INSIDE HERE WHEN SHE HEARD US COMING!... "BE HERE TONIGHT! EIGHT SHARP! STOP THIS FIEND! I CANNOT!"
MOVED BY THE TRAGIC PLEA, LANCE STORM RETURNS LATER THAT EVENING AT THE PRESCRIBED TIME...
THERE SHE IS—WAITING FOR SOMEONE... BUT WHO?
SO YOU ARE HERE, MY PET? HA, HA... GOOD! I'VE COME TO INJECT YOU WITH THE GREEN DYE AGAIN! IT WILL MAKE YOU A SERVANT OF MY WILL ONCE MORE! YOU DID WELL IN NOT TELLING THE POLICE ANYTHING!
WELL, I'LL BE--!
AH, THERE! YOUR EYES ARE WIDENING! YOU ARE UNDER THE DRUG'S EFFECT! I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE TRUST CHEMIQUE BUILDING! THERE YOU WILL ENTER THE JEWEL DIVISION! THE DOOR SHALL BE OPEN FOR YOU!
YES—I HEAR... AND OBEY!
SO THAT'S IT! THE CLOWN IS THE CRIMINAL! THAT POOR GIRL IS PROBABLY SOME GULLIBLE VICTIM WHO FELL PREY TO THE DRUG! IT BENDS HER TO HIS WILL, BUT IT ALSO COLORS HER SKIN! PLACING HER IN THE CARNIVAL IS A MASTERFUL TOUCH! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
5

BARELY TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A HAND REACHES FOR THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S THROAT!
EVERYTHING'S TOO QUIET HERE TONIGHT! I'LL CHECK THE BUILDING AGAIN!

NO! AAAAAAAGHHH!
CLICK!


BUT JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THERE SHE IS! ARREST HER! SHE HAS KILLED THE WATCHMAN!
NO, CHIEF! SHE'S JUST A HARMLESS DUPE FOR THE REAL KILLERS! LOOK! THE SAFE IS OPEN! WHAT WAS KEPT IN THERE?

IT HELD TWO OF THE LARGEST INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS IN THIS COUNTRY – WORTH FORTUNES! BEHOLD! TWO MEN ARE RUNNING AWAY!
STOP THEM! IF I'VE GUESSED CORRECTLY, THEY'LL BE THE CLOWN AND THE STRONGMAN!

YES, STORM! IT'S THE CLOWN AND THE STRONGMAN WHO IS HIS AID! BUT IT IS ALSO ZARNO! REMEMBER THAT WHEN THE PAPERS RIDICULE YOUR PUNY ATTEMPTS TO STOP ME! HA, HA...
ZARNO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

LANCE IS AFTER HIS ARCH-ENEMY! BEHIND HIM COME THE POLICE! BUT THE EVIL MASTERMIND DASHES INSIDE THE UNDERGROUND SUBWAY THAT RUNS THROUGHOUT THE FRENCH CAPITAL, AND...
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME, STORM! HA, HA...
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

Lauce outdistances his companions and plunges into the stygian depths. Seconds later...
NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT! THIS UNCANNY SILENCE ISN'T GOOD! THEY'RE IN THERE! I KNOW IT! CAREFUL... CAREFUL...

THIS TIME, YOU WON'T BE SO MUCH OF A WISE-GUY!
THE STRONGMAN'S ARM! NOW I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS!

YOU LIKE TO KILL THAT WAY, DON'T YOU? YOU'LL SWING FOR ALL THE MURDERS YOU COMMITTED, TARZAN!
OOOOOFFF!

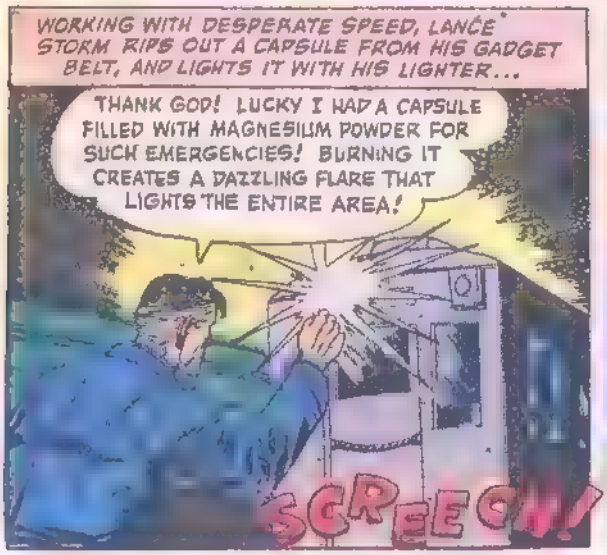
NOT BEFORE YOU DIE FIRST, SLEUTH! THIS IS ONE TIME YOU AREN'T SO SMART!
WHA---!

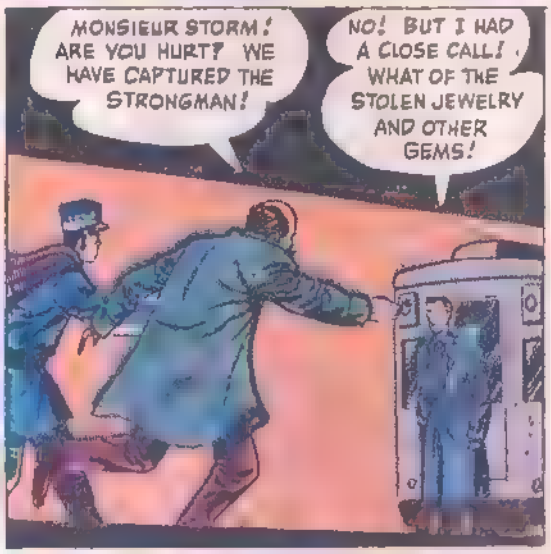
NOW BEGINS THE STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH BETWEEN THE TWO MIGHTY FIGURES OF GOOD AND EVIL!
ALL RIGHT, ZARNO! IF IT'S GAMES YOU WANT, WE'LL PLAY THEM!
BAH! I'LL OUTSMART YOU AS I'VE OUTSMARTED ALL THESE STUPID FOOLS!

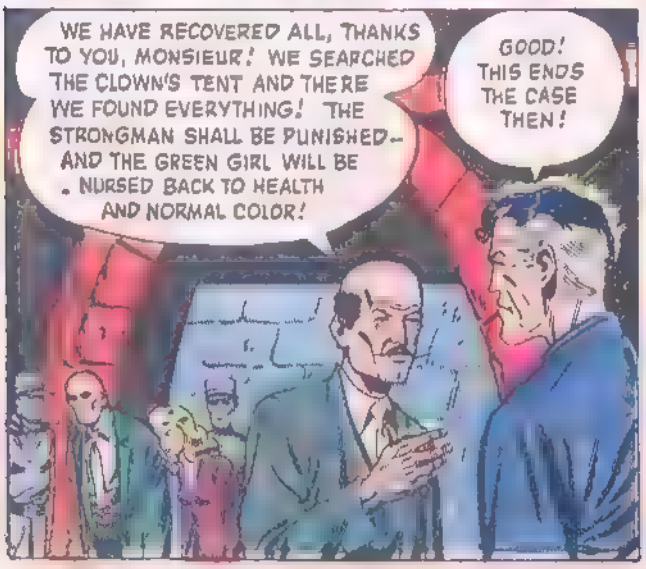
YOU BLIND COP! I CAN TELL YOU NOW WHY I USED THE GIRL! SHE DIVERTED THE VICTIMS LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO SNEAK UP BEHIND THEM AND BREAK THEIR SKULLS! SHE ALSO THREW THE SCENT OFF OUR OWN NECKS! HA, HA...
KEEP TALKING, ZARNO! YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH TO BURN YOU A HUNDRED TIMES!
7

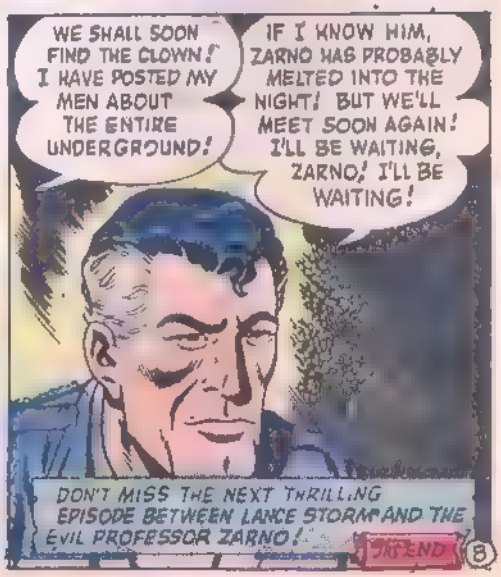
BUT YOU'LL NOT BE THERE TO DO IT, STORM! PLEASANT NIGHTMARES! HA, HA... HERE COMES THE TRAIN! OFF YOU GO!
OHHHHHHH!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO STOP IT! I—CAN'T RUN! IT'S ALMOST ON ME! WAIT! THERE MIGHT BE A SLIGHT CHANCE!!

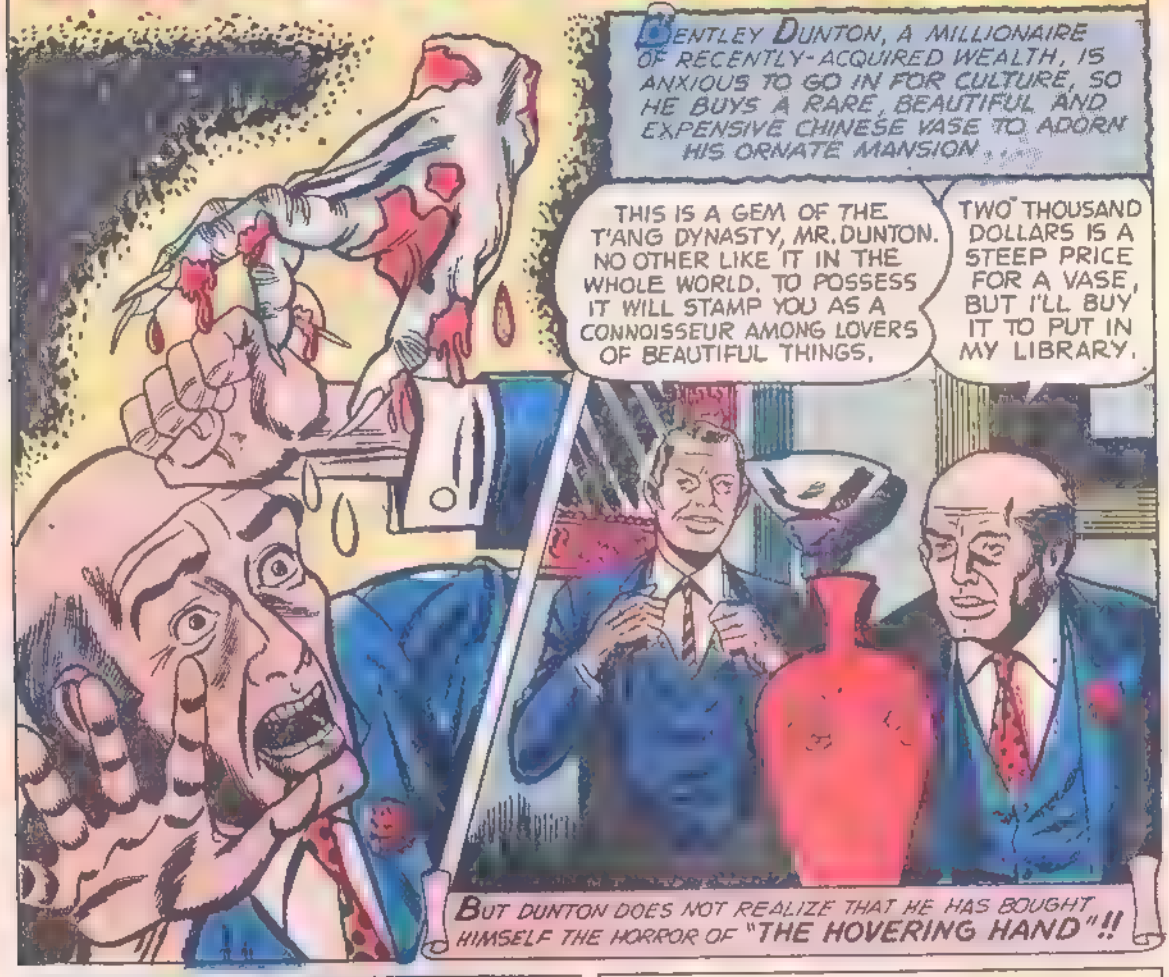

WORKING WITH DESPERATE SPEED, LANCE STORM RIPS OUT A CAPSULE FROM HIS GADGET BELT, AND LIGHTS IT WITH HIS LIGHTER...
THANK GOD! LUCKY I HAD A CAPSULE FILLED WITH MAGNESIUM POWDER FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES! BURNING IT CREATES A DAZZLING FLARE THAT LIGHTS THE ENTIRE AREA!
SCREECH!

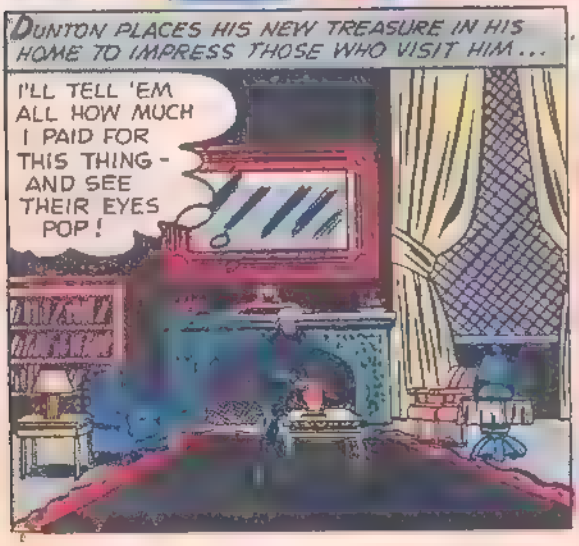

MONSIEUR STORM! ARE YOU HURT? WE HAVE CAPTURED THE STRONGMAN!
NO! BUT I HAD A CLOSE CALL! WHAT OF THE STOLEN JEWELRY AND OTHER GEMS!

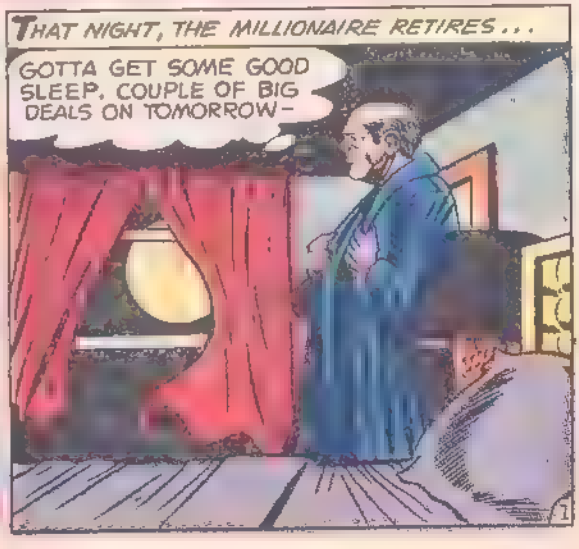

WE HAVE RECOVERED ALL, THANKS TO YOU, MONSIEUR! WE SEARCHED THE CLOWN'S TENT AND THERE WE FOUND EVERYTHING! THE STRONGMAN SHALL BE PUNISHED— AND THE GREEN GIRL WILL BE NURSED BACK TO HEALTH AND NORMAL COLOR!
GOOD! THIS ENDS THE CASE THEN!


WE SHALL SOON FIND THE CLOWN! I HAVE POSTED MY MEN ABOUT THE ENTIRE UNDERGROUND!
IF I KNOW HIM, ZARNO HAS PROBABLY MELTED INTO THE NIGHT! BUT WE'LL MEET SOON AGAIN! I'LL BE WAITING, ZARNO! I'LL BE WAITING!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE BETWEEN LANCE STORM AND THE EVIL PROFESSOR ZARNO!
THE END

THE FANTASTIC DR. FOO



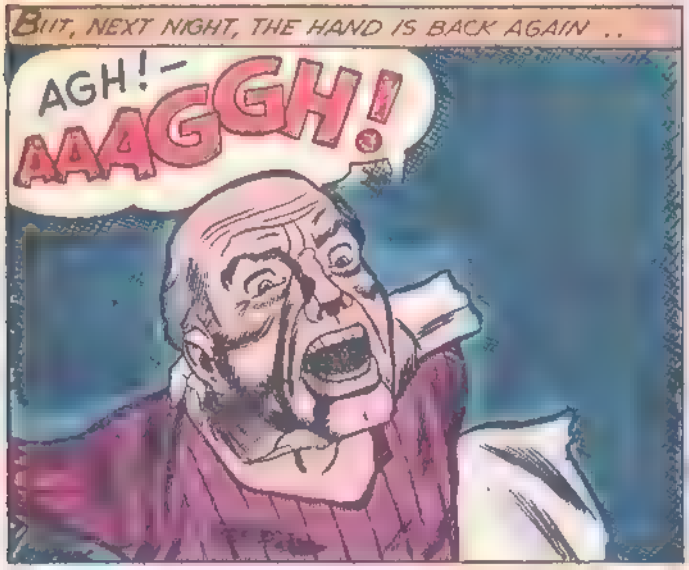




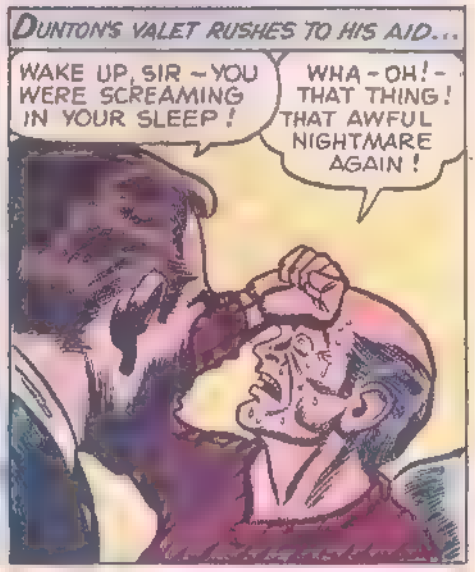
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, DUNTON WAKES UP IN A COLD SWEAT AND SEES A WITHERED BLOODY HAND POINTING STRAIGHT AT HIM !!

HE PULLS ON THE LIGHT...

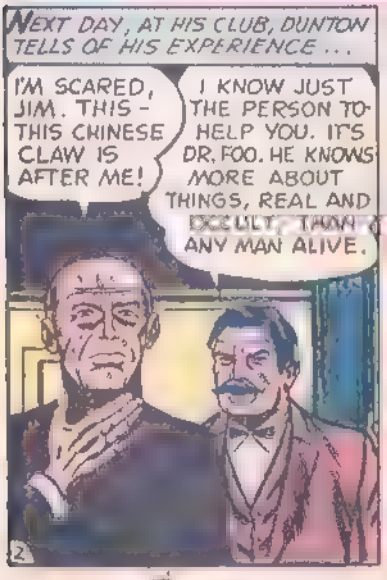
BUT, NEXT NIGHT, THE HAND IS BACK AGAIN ..



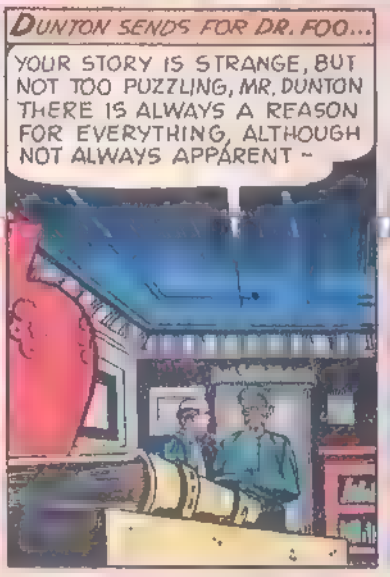
DUNTON'S VALET RUSHES TO HIS AID...



NEXT DAY, AT HIS CLUB, DUNTON TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE ...



DUNTON SENDS FOR DR. FOO...



DR FOO NOTICES THE VASE ...

WE OF THE EAST KNOW THAT OLD THINGS CAN SPEAK TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE POWER TO LISTEN. WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I SHALL COME HERE TONIGHT AND SPEND THE SILENT HOURS WITH THIS ANCIENT WORK OF ART

OKAY WITH ME.

THAT NIGHT, DR. FOO SITS SERENELY IN THE DIMNESS OF THE LIBRARY...

DR. FOO IS A MYSTERIOUS PERSONAGE WHO IS EXILED FROM CHINA BY THE REDS AND IS IN AMERICA EXERCISING HIS VAST KNOWLEDGE FOR ANY WHO NEED IT. HE IS RUMORED TO BE ALMOST 200 YEARS OLD. HIS STUDIES IN THE LAMASERIES OF TIBET HAVE GIVEN HIM THE VAST LORE OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST AND HE IS KNOWN IN ALL WESTERN UNIVERSITIES AS A SCIENTIST OF THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENTS. HIS AMAZING STORE OF KNOWLEDGE SEEMS TO BE INEXHAUSTABLE...

A GLOW FORMS ABOUT THE PORCELAIN SHELL AND REVEALS A SEVERED HAND INSIDE.

DR FOO HAS THE POWER TO ATTUNE HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND TO OCCULT LEVELS AND RECEIVE VIBRATIONS IMPRISONED IN INANIMATE OBJECTS. HE RELAXES HIS BODY AND CONCENTRATES HIS BRAIN TO PICK UP THE MAGNETIC WAVELENGTH FROM THE ANTIQUE VASE... SOON, A THOUGHT MESSAGE BEGINS TO ISSUE FROM THE SHRIVELED HAND CONCEALED INSIDE THE VASE...!!

"BACK IN THE NINTH CENTURY, THIS HAND BELONGED TO THE MORTAL BODY OF AN AGED PHILOSOPHER AND TEACHER, **HU TSIANG LI** STUDENTS CAME FROM ALL OVER THE ORIENT TO SIT AT HIS FEET AND LISTEN TO HIS WORDS OF WISDOM..."

"I ALWAYS TAUGHT TRUTH AND HONESTY — AND POINTED OUT MALEFACTORS .."

THERE IS BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS, OH CHI'EN TZU! THE POOR PEASANT FOUND IN THE CANAL WAS SLAIN BY YOUR ORDERS!

YOU LIE, YOU OLD CROAKING RAVEN!

THERE GOES SU CHONG, WHO WAXES FAT PROFITEERING IN RICE WHILE POOR PEOPLE ARE STARVING —

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, ANCIENT ONE, OR I'LL HAVE YOU FLOGGED!

"ONE DAY, A RAPACIOUS WAR LORD CAME TO OUR HUMBLE VILLAGE..."
RUN! RUN! THE TERRIBLE SHENG IS COMING!
WE WILL ALL BE SLAUGHTERED!
"I CALMLY DEFIED THE BOLD BANDIT..."
YOU, SHENG, CANNOT AROUSE FEAR IN ME. GOOD WILL PREVAIL AND YOUR EVIL DEEDS WILL DESCEND ON YOUR OWN HEAD!
YOU DARE DEFY ME - THE GREAT SHENG!?
SEIZE THIS MISERABLE CREATURE AND CUT OFF THE HAND THAT HAS THE AUDACITY TO POINT ACCUSINGLY AT THE GREAT SHENG!
"I WAS HELD BY THE ROUGH SOLDIERS AS THE KEEN AXE FLASHED DOWNWARD..."
THIS WILL BE A LESSON TO ALL WHO DEFY ME!
NO AXE IS SHARP ENOUGH TO DESTROY TRUTH, OH SHENG!
"A LOYAL FOLLOWER OBTAINED THE SEVERED HAND OF HU TSIANG LI, AND FLED..."
"HE WAS AN ARTISAN OF HIGH SKILL, AND IN SECRET HE FASHIONED A BEAUTIFUL VASE AROUND THE PHILOSOPHER'S HAND..."
I SHALL PRESERVE IT FOR ALL TIME -

"HU TSIANG LI HAS BEEN DEAD HUNDREDS OF YEARS BUT HIS SPIRIT LIVES IN HIS ACCUSING HAND. WHENEVER THIS VASE FALLS INTO THE POSSESSION OF EVIL MEN, THE HAND ACTS—"

"IN 1740, A WICKED, BRUTAL SLAVE-TRADER STOLE THE VASE, AND..."

AGH! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

"IN 1866, AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, A GREEDY CARPETBAGGER SEIZED AN OLD SOUTHERN PLANTATION WHERE THE VASE WAS LONG A PRIZED ARTISTIC TREASURE, SO?.."

UGH! UGH!!

"SO LONG AS I REMAIN HERE, I SHALL PLAGUE DUNTON. HE MADE HIS MONEY IN THE BLACK MARKET DURING WORLD WAR II AND HE BATTENS OFF THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS."

I SHALL ACT AT ONCE, OH VENERABLE ONE. BE AT PEACE!

NEXT MORNING, DR. FOO CONFERS WITH DUNTON...

AS I THOUGHT, YOUR NIGHTLY VISITOR CAME FROM THIS VASE.

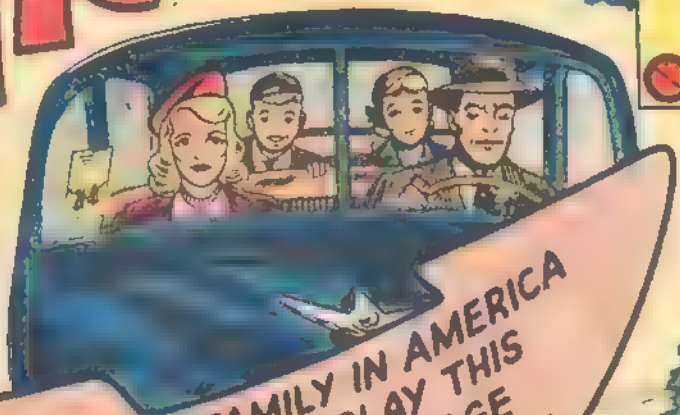
WHAT? YOU'RE KIDDING! HOW COULD A HAND COME OUT OF THE TOP? IT'S NOT EVEN OPEN!

THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND. I SHALL BUY THE VASE FROM YOU FOR EXACTLY THE SUM YOU PAID FOR IT.

IF THIS OLD DUCK WANTS TO BUY THE JAR, I'M GOING TO MAKE SOMETHING ON THE DEAL...

DUNTON'S GREEDY NATURE PROMPTS HIM TO RAISE THE PRICE...
HOW ABOUT— TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED?
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT. I WON'T ALLOW YOU ONE CENT PROFIT. GOOD DAY!
SO— THAT NIGHT, THE HAND WORKS AGAIN...
AHHHH!
GO AWAY! LET ME ALONE! HELP!!
THE HAND VANISHES AS DUNTON SNAPS ON THE LIGHT AND HURRIEDLY DRESSES
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I KNOW WHEN I'M BEATEN!
IN THE DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN, HE RACES WITH THE VASE TO DR. FOO'S HOME...
YOU WIN! HERE, TAKE THE BLASTED THING! I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU FREE. I DON'T WANT TO EVER SEE IT AGAIN!
I WAS EXPECTING YOU, MR DUNTON
AFTER DUNTON HAS LEFT...
AH, WHAT A LOVELY WORK OF ART, WITH ITS UNSEEN CONTENTS...SOME DAY, WHEN PEACE RETURNS TO ANCIENT CHINA, I SHALL TAKE IT BACK TO THE LAND WHERE IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS.
THE END

The BEST AUTOMOBILE STICKER OF 1952



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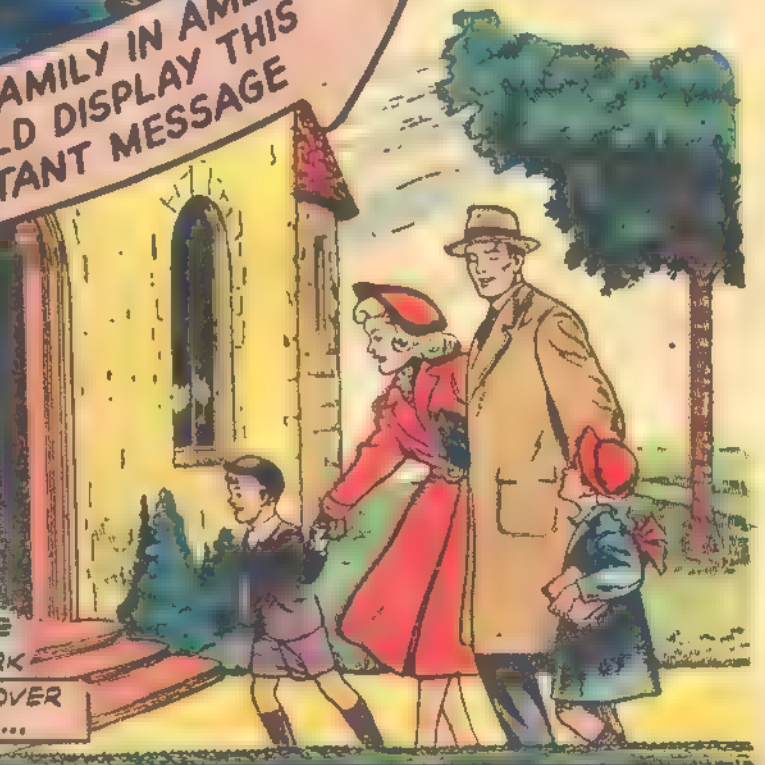

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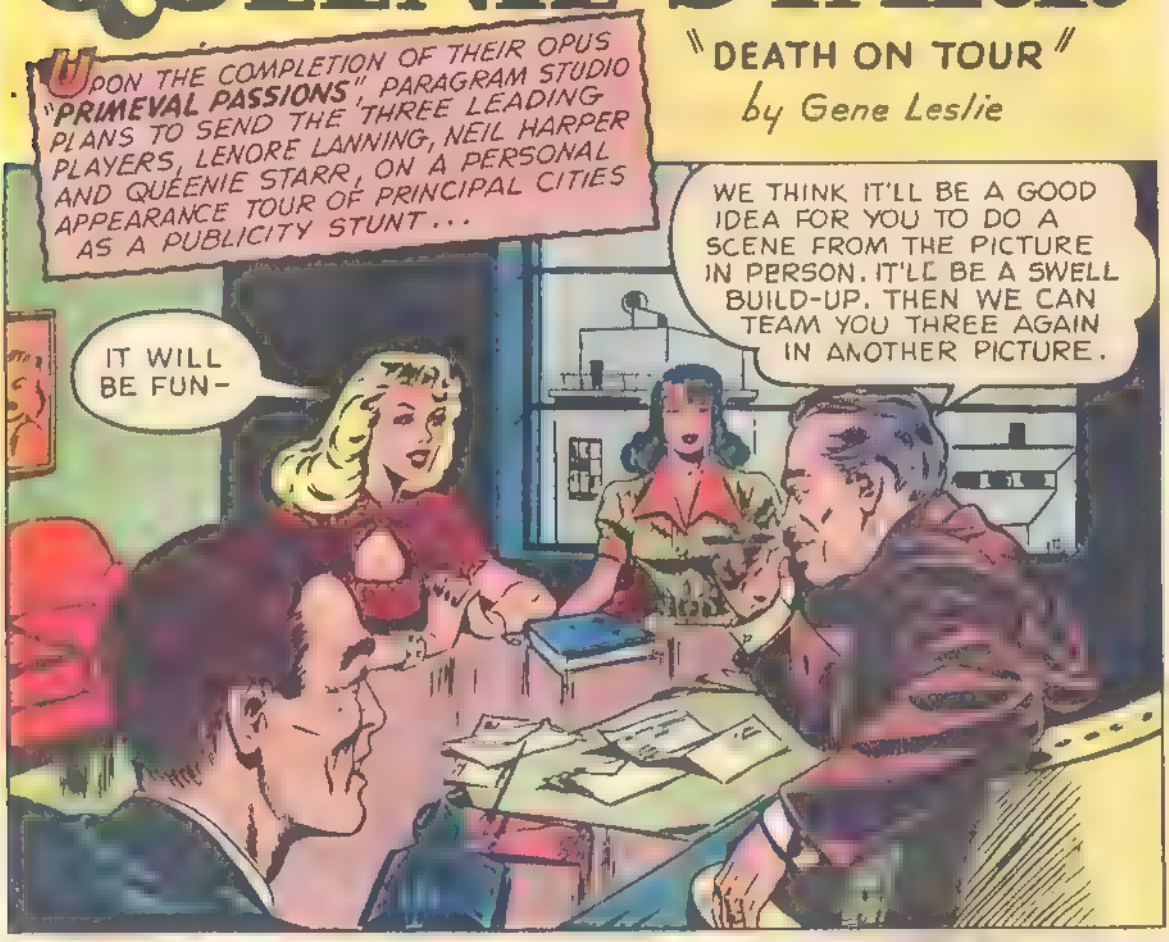
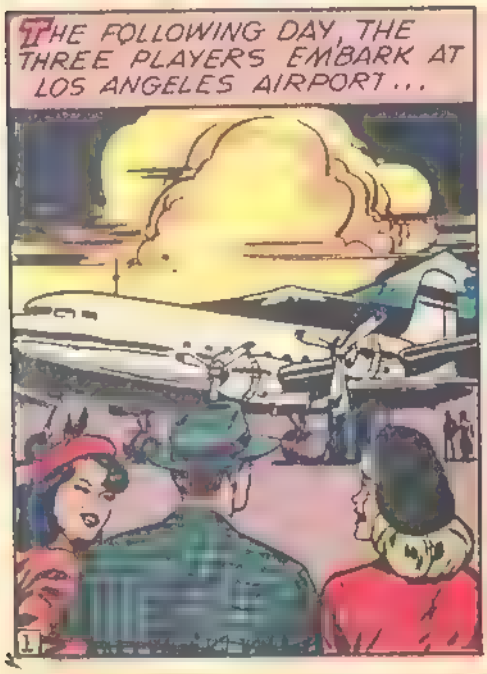
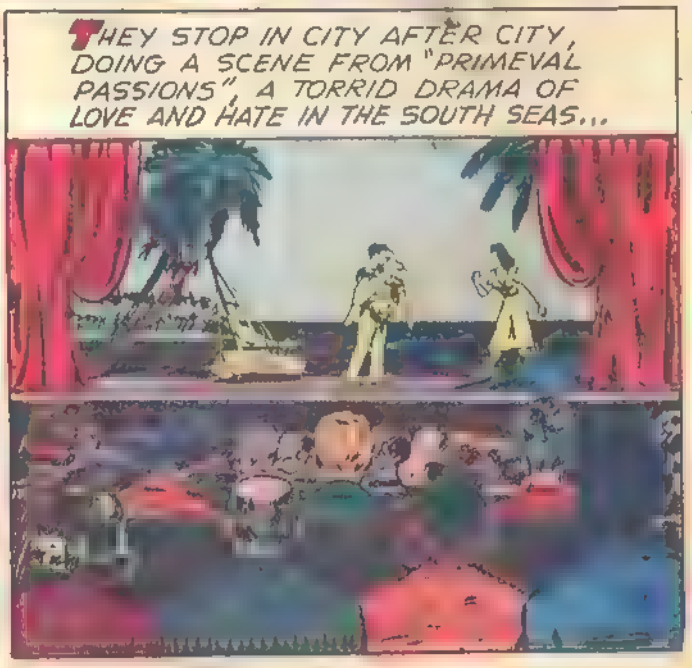
QUEENIE STARR

"DEATH ON TOUR"

by Gene Leslie







WHEN THEY GO TO THEIR HOTEL LENORE DROPS INTO QUEENIE'S ROOM BEFORE RETIRING ...
I'M GETTING AWFULLY TIRED OF TRAVELLING, AND THIS PARTICULAR TOWN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
OH, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SUCH A BAD PLACE, LENORE.
TROUBLE IS, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, AND MY MEMORIES ARE ANYTHING BUT PLEASANT. WELL, I THINK I'LL TURN IN. GOO' NIGHT!
-NIGHT!
NEXT DAY, WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE THEATRE, THEY ARE GREETED BY THE ASSISTANT MANAGER ...
SORRY THE MANAGER ISN'T HERE. HE HAD TO GO OUT. BUT I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE YOU DRESS.
THANKS.
TO INTRODUCE THE PICTURE, THEY DO THE SCENE OF VIOLENCE ...
"YES! WE NATIVE GIRLS FIGHT TO HOLD OUR MEN!"
"PUT THAT GUN DOWN, NAKELA!"
THE "NATIVE" GIRL FIRES A BLANK CARTRIDGE, BUT A HORRIBLE CRIMSON SPLOTCH APPEARS OVER THE OTHER GIRL'S HEART...!
"I'LL SHOW YOU!"
AAGH-H!
BANG!
2

LENORE LANNING FALLS TO THE STAGE ALL TOO REALISTICALLY AS THE OTHERS STAND, AGHAST . . .
LENORE!
SHE'S HURT!!
SHE'S DEAD!
THE SHOW STOPS, AND THE POLICE TAKE OVER . . .
EVERYBODY STAY WHERE YOU ARE.
LIEUTENANT GAINES, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD GETS A REPORT FROM THE LOCAL MEDICAL EXAMINER . . .
THE BULLET ENTERED THE LEFT CHEST AND HEADED DOWN TO THE BOTTOM RIB ON THE RIGHT SIDE.
DOWN, DID YOU SAY?
THEN THIS GIRL COULDN'T HAVE SHOT HER, THEY ARE ABOUT THE SAME HEIGHT.
ALL OF YOU GET OFF THE STAGE, BUT YOU, MISS STARR, STICK AROUND UNTIL I WORK OUT AN IDEA.
I'LL HELP YOU IF I CAN, LIEUTENANT.
LENORE TOLD ME SHE HAD SOME UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE IN THIS TOWN BEFORE. SHE MUST HAVE LIVED HERE.
THAT IS POSSIBLE, SULLIVAN, CHECK THE CITY RECORDS.
3

AFTER THE BODY IS REMOVED...
I DON'T KNOW YET WHO DID IT, BUT I BET I KNOW WHERE THE BULLET CAME FROM--
5
LT. GAINES GETS A BALL OF CORD AND GOES UP TO THE PROJECTION BOOTH TO FASTEN ONE END...
HE DROPS THE CORD OVER THE BALCONY RAIL...
HE TAKES IT UP ON THE STAGE...
NOW, YOU STAND JUST WHERE THE MURDERED GIRL STOOD.
HE PULLS THE CORD TAUT...
SEE - THE COURSE OF THE BULLET WENT LIKE THIS: DOWN THROUGH HER HEART AND DOWN TO THE RIB ON THE OTHER SIDE. NOW, WHERE'S THAT PROJECTION MAN?
A MAN ENTERS FROM THE STREET...
HERE HE COMES!
HEY! - WHAT GOES ON? WHA' HAPPENED?
4

THE GAL WAS SHOT FROM YOUR PROJECTION BOOTH. YOU'RE THE KILLER!
HOW COULD I? I WASN'T EVEN HERE TIL I CAME IN JUST NOW!
SOL CRANE, THE MANAGER, MADE ME GO TO GET A SPECIAL LENS HE WANTED ME TO USE. I CAN PROVE WHERE I WAS-!
SOME TIME LATER, COMES A CALL...
WE GOT THE RECORDS ON THE LANNING DAME. HERE'S THE DOPE-
YEAH- SPILL IT!
LIEUTENANT, CRANE, THE MANAGER, JUST CAME IN. SHALL I GET HIM HERE?
NO, I'LL SEE HIM IN HIS OFFICE.
QUEENIE FOLLOWS TO THE OFFICE...
IT IS TERRIBLE, LIEUTENANT, THAT ONE PERFORMER SHOULD SHOOT ANOTHER RIGHT ON THE STAGE! WHY ISN'T SHE IN JAIL? I WAS DETAINED, BUT I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD-
YOU'RE GOING TO BE DETAINED SOME MORE, CRANE. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF THAT ACTRESS!
WHAT?
5

CRANE'S HAND SLIDES TO A DRAWER, BUT AS A GUN COMES UP, GAINES FIRES..
OW!
BANG!
I DON'T GET IT!
YOU SHOULD. IT WAS YOU WHO TIPPED ME OFF ABOUT THE GAL'S LIVING HERE BEFORE. WE DUG UP THE RECORD OF MISS LANNING. SHE MARRIED CRANE HERE TEN YEARS AGO.
THE ANGLE OF THE SHOT SHOWED IT CAME FROM THE PROJECTION BOOTH. CRANE SENT THE REGULAR MAN OUT AND WENT UP THERE. HE FIRED SAME TIME AS YOU DID.
BUT WHY?
YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T GET OUT OF IT. OUR MARRIAGE DIDN'T LAST. SHE WENT ON TO FAME, WHILE I WAS LONGING FOR HER, I WAS JEALOUS - BITTER!
YOUR FAME WILL BE IN THE HOT SEAT!
NEIL HARPER COMES IN...
OH, NEIL, IT'S ALL OVER! THE KILLER HAS JUST CONFESSED!
YES, BUT IT WON'T BRING POOR LENORE BACK!
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO HOLLYWOOD.
YES, QUEENIE, WE WILL START RIGHT BACK AND TRY TO PUT THIS HORRIBLE TRAGEDY BEHIND US WHEN WE START WORKING IN OUR NEW PICTURE.
16
READ QUEENIE AGAIN NEXT ISSUE...

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD

By Beresford King

A HIGH STONE wall surrounded the Derieux estate and a massive iron gate sealed off the crushed stone driveway. It was a place, this dead man's estate, that offered no welcome mat to visitors. I stood beside my parked coupe and watched the big Buick turn into the lane that approached the gate. The sedan pulled up, and Roger Craig got out. I looked at the young woman in the front seat of the car, because she was the only one I had looked forward to meeting again on this day.

Lynn Craig was even more beautiful than when I had said good-bye to her almost a year ago. But was that a shadow of sadness in her eyes and around her mouth? I couldn't tell.

Roger Craig came across the driveway, tall, well-shaped, his grin broad like something manufactured to fit the occasion. I didn't like him now any more than I had a year ago when he had married Lynn.

"It's good to see you again, Mr. Hannon."

I imagined he spoke the truth. After all, I had a quarter million dollars to turn over to him. I fitted my key into one of the locks on the gate, opened it. I stepped aside while he used his key on the other. I used my second key to open one of the two locks that had been put on the door of the house after old Derieux died. Craig fitted his key into the second lock, smiled affably at me.

"The old boy had a cautious streak in him, what?"

"Mr. Derieux," I said to Craig, "was a man who knew his own mind. He must have had his reasons for ordering these two locks put on the door after his death."

I followed Craig down the hall, and Lynn followed me. Craig moved with the controlled eagerness of a man who walked with the knowledge that all of these good things now belonged to him. Lynn followed more slowly, almost reluctantly. I walked with bitter resentment.

Albert Derieux had spent most of his last years in this room we went to. Here he had studied and reflected and had, laboriously because of his paralysis-twisted hands, done all his writing. There was a broad glass-topped case, securely locked, which contained the Derieux collection of poisons. A massive oak desk was near the windows, and on it was a typewriter which still contained the last words which Albert Derieux had tapped out on the paper with his twisted hands.

It was a passage out of Derieux's unfinished book. *The Psychology of the Criminal Mind.* It was to have been a book about murder, and it had been irrevocably interrupted by murder.

I looked bitterly at Roger Craig. "Did you have to choose this room?" And then I suddenly realized that he had not led us here for any subtle reason of his own. Craig had come to this room by habit, by the prodding of some inner impulse.

"I was your uncle's attorney," I said, "and he named me executor of his will. But more important to me, Albert Derieux was my friend. I will never believe he fell down those stairs accidentally. I think he was either tripped or pushed. *Murdered*, Mr. Craig, and I believe you did it."

CRAIG only smiled. "A serious accusation, Mr. Hannon. The law cleared me of suspicion—or have you forgotten that."

"I'm telling you only what I will always think." I reached inside the briefcase, began pulling out documents.

This had been where old Derieux had worked, studied, and enjoyed his few moments of relaxation. Once the old man had played the baby grand piano with more than average skill, but after paralysis had warped his hands he had been forced to content himself with a record player.

Craig went to the piano, brushed the year's accumulation of dust from the bench and keys. He seated himself and began playing, softly and with practiced technique.

Lynn cried out, "Not that piece, Roger—please don't!"

But he didn't stop. He smiled at his wife. "Why not, my dear? *La Paloma* was my uncle's favorite. And also mine."

Suddenly he struck a discord and lifted his right hand from the keys. Blood was on one of his fingers, a small red globule released by a thin cut in his skin. He stared at it, cursing softly. He depressed two of the keys, and exposed a corroding safety razor blade wedged between them. He pulled the blade out, his lips compressed and paled.

I crossed the room, took the blade from his hand. A thin tarry smear was on the edge of the blade, and on the rusting steel surface were small printed words.

"It should have been B-flat, Roger. You never could remember that note correctly."
Albert Derieux.

A year's undisturbed dust had been on the piano, and therefore it was obvious that the blade

had been hidden between the keys since *before* Derieux's death.

Craig forced a laugh. "Probably another of the old boy's games. He was always planting booby traps around the house to see how his victim would react."

But he couldn't dull the edge of tension that had suddenly come into the room. Roger Craig felt it, and he crossed the room and opened the mahogany liquor cabinet. He took out an almost empty bottle of Scotch, emptied it into a glass, and drank. He started across the room, then halted abruptly, and stared again at his hand. It was only a scratch, but he couldn't forget it. He went to the desk, and took out a first-aid kit. He painted the cut with antiseptic, tore the gauze from a ready-made bandage, and taped the pad around his finger.

WATCHING him, I saw a whiteness come to his mouth. He poked his finger into the metal box which had contained the single bandage, and brought out a small rectangle of folded paper. I read it over his shoulder.

It was in Albert Derieux's cramped printing:

"It was only a small cut, but you couldn't forget the tarry smear on the razor blade, could you? Maybe it was poison, Roger. Or perhaps there was poison in the antiseptic you used, or in the bandage."

Craig swore harshly. "What was his idea of setting these booby traps for me?"

"I don't know?" I murmured. "Do you?"

He glared at me. "Certainly not. He wouldn't have poisoned that blade or first aid kit. Why should he want to poison me?" He made an agitated gesture with his hand. "He was a paralytic. He was killed by an accidental fall down the stairs. That's all there was to it, Hannon."

He still wore his hat. He pushed it back on his head, and sweat glistened on his forehead. "We're acting like a bunch of kids playing ghosts. Imagining a lot of nonsense. It's silly. What we need is some music."

He shuffled through an album until he found the recording he wanted. He put it on the phonograph, and set the needle on the disk. The soft strains of *La Paloma* filled the study.

"My uncle's favorite, and mine. Maybe music will settle his ghost." He grinned crookedly at me.

"Not," I said softly, "if his ghost is in you!"

There was still a little Scotch in the glass. He picked it up, tilted it to his lips, then froze there, staring into it.

"Curse him," he breathed hoarsely.

I went across the room, took the glass from his hand. A small square of paper was pasted on the bottom surface so that the message in Derieux's pained printing could be read through the glass.

"You didn't really believe you could get away with murdering me—did you, Roger?"

Then the music from the phonograph abruptly dropped away, and old Derieux's gentle voice came into the room.

"Take off your hat while you're in my house, Roger."

I looked at Craig, and he raised his hand instinctively to his hat. Anger and stubborn defiance rushed back into his dark, humid eyes, and he dropped his hand.

"It's another of his tricks."

The needle whispered emptily on the record, and then old Derieux's soft dry chuckle came into the room.

"I didn't think you'd remove your hat this time, Roger. This is your house now, isn't it? But you're wrong, Roger—fatally wrong this time. Habit is a strange thing, Roger. You came directly to my room today because occupying my study is symbolic of controlling the fortune I have left behind me."

THE dead man's voice paused, to carefully choose his next words.

"I know everything about you, Roger. You refused to remove your hat because doing so would have been acknowledging your guilty conscience.

"That also was your reason for playing the piano and this phonograph—an act of defiance to your conscience, Roger. And you had your drink out of my private bottle for the same reason. I realize that you have long planned to murder me. I don't know when or how, but I imagine it will be soon, since you know that I have been changing my will to cut you out. I have just discovered that the telephone is out of order, and if you act tonight I can't do anything to prevent it. All I can do is arrange for retribution. I'm sorry for you, Roger—truly sorry."

Then old Derieux's voice changed on a finality that was death itself.

"The poison was in my private bottle, Roger. No other person but you would ever touch it. It will be quick, Roger, more quick than you deserve."

I looked at Roger Craig, and he had sagged into old Derieux's massive leather chair. His head was back and his eyes were closed. The poison had been indeed quick. I could see that he was already dead.

I turned to Lynn, took her arm. As I helped Lynn into the car, she was quietly sobbing. But there were no tears.

JERRY JASPER

by NEWT ALFRED

JERRY JASPER... ON THE SURFACE A WEALTHY YOUNG PLAYBOY.. BUT SECRETLY AN ASTUTE CRIMINOLOGIST... VISITS THE EXCLUSIVE UNIVERSITY CLUB FOR LUNCH. BUT A KNIFE HAS FLASHED 'BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED,' SO JERRY CHANGES FROM MAN-ABOUT-TOWN TO MANHUNTER, AS HE CHALLENGES THE GORY RIDDLE OF "The MURDER IN THE CLUB CHAIR!"

BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I VISITED THE CLUB, DICK.

WELL, YOU HAVEN'T MISSED MUCH. I THINK SOME OF THESE OLD-TIMERS HAVE BEEN SLEEPING IN THOSE CHAIRS SINCE YOU WERE LAST HERE.

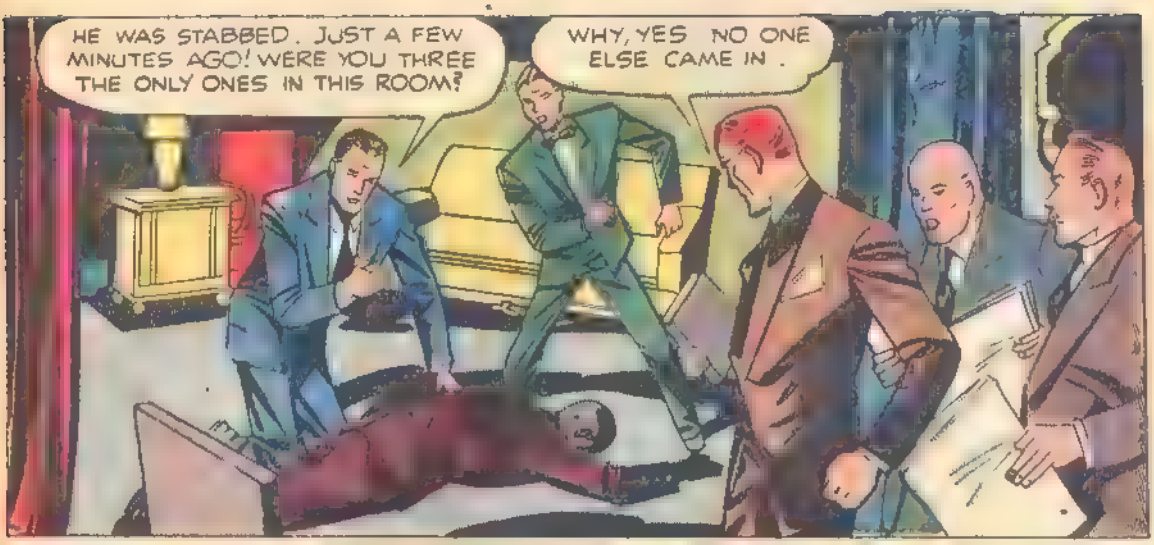
CLUB

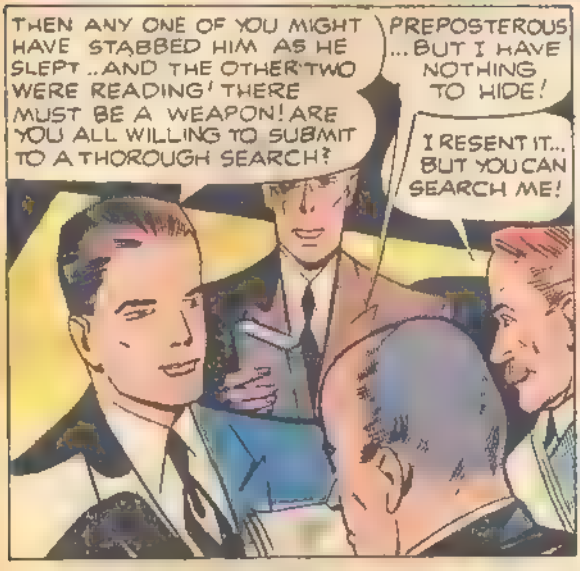
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JERRY?

WAIT! SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THAT MAN THERE IS ASLEEP!

THIS MAN IS DEAD!

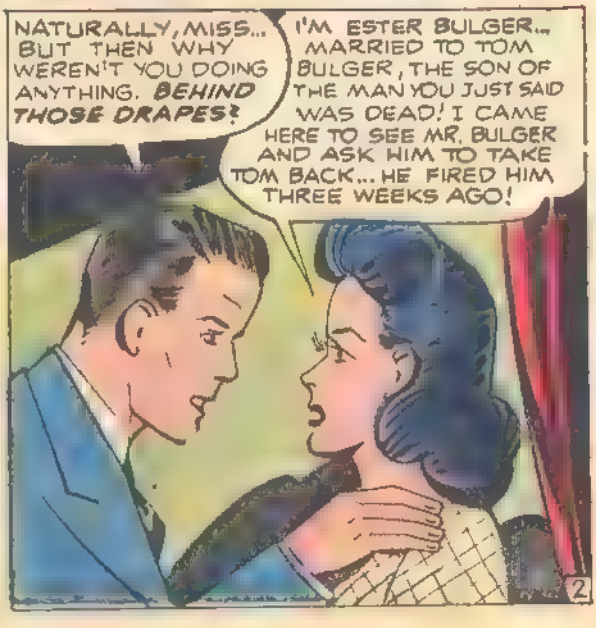
WHAT! IT'S BULGER!


HE WAS STABBED. JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO! WERE YOU THREE THE ONLY ONES IN THIS ROOM?
WHY, YES NO ONE ELSE CAME IN.

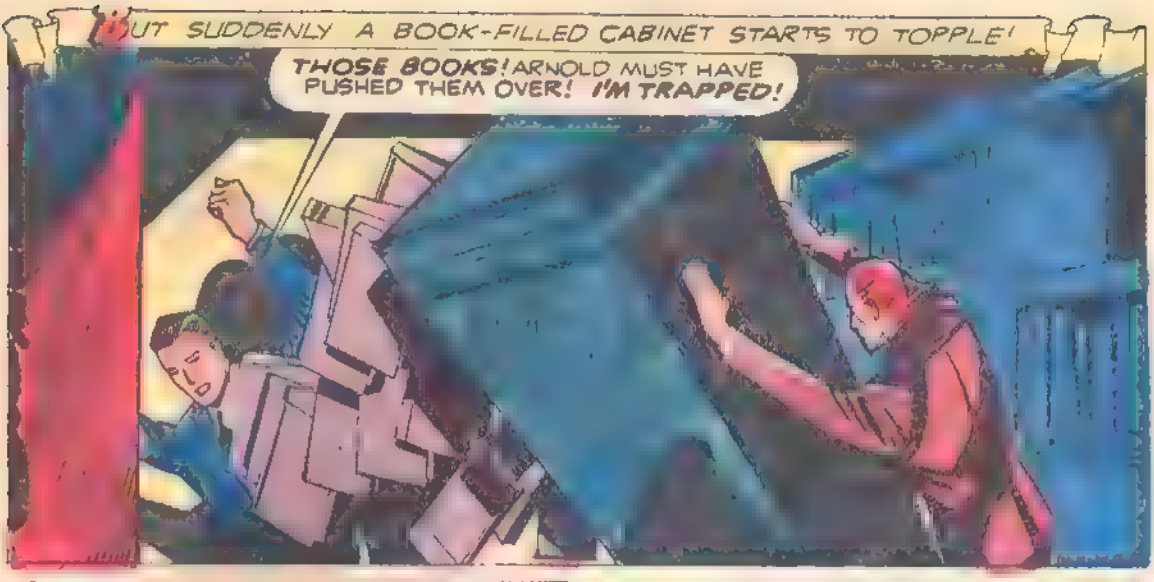

THEN ANY ONE OF YOU MIGHT HAVE STABBED HIM AS HE SLEPT..AND THE OTHER TWO WERE READING! THERE MUST BE A WEAPON! ARE YOU ALL WILLING TO SUBMIT TO A THOROUGH SEARCH?
PREPOSTEROUS ...BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!
I RESENT IT... BUT YOU CAN SEARCH ME!

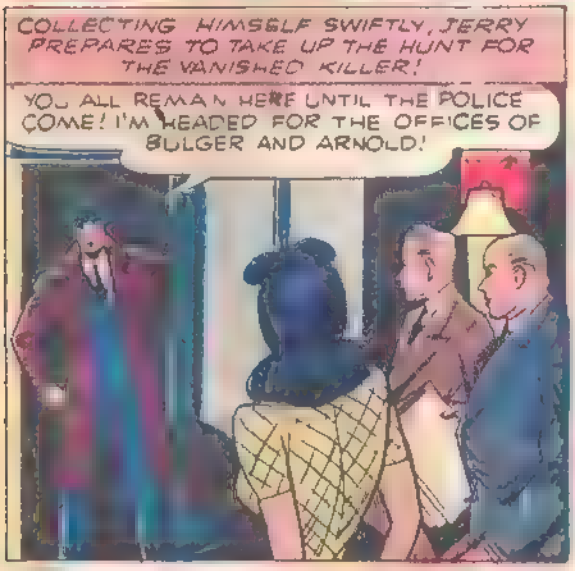
AND I'LL SUBMIT, ALSO! I'M NOT CONCEALING ANYTHING! BUT WHO ARE..
WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE DRAPES! THEY MOVED...

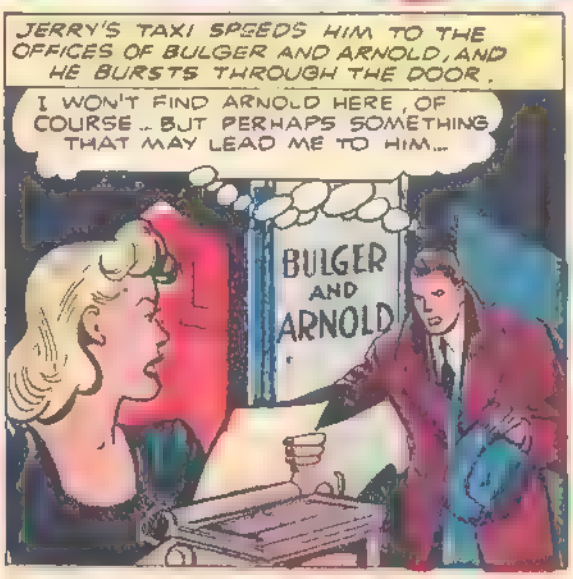
JERRY THRUSTS ASIDE THE DRAPES TO FIND.
A GIRL! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LET ME GO! I-I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

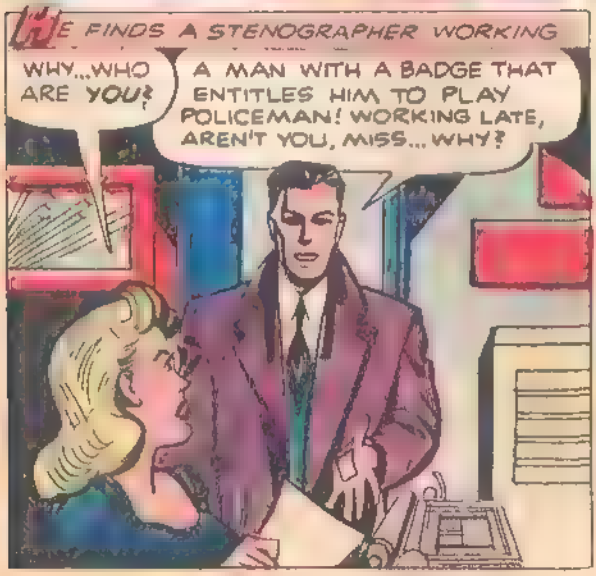

NATURALLY, MISS... BUT THEN WHY WEREN'T YOU DOING ANYTHING. BEHIND THOSE DRAPES?
I'M ESTER BULGER... MARRIED TO TOM BULGER, THE SON OF THE MAN YOU JUST SAID WAS DEAD! I CAME HERE TO SEE MR. BULGER AND ASK HIM TO TAKE TOM BACK... HE FIRED HIM THREE WEEKS AGO!
2

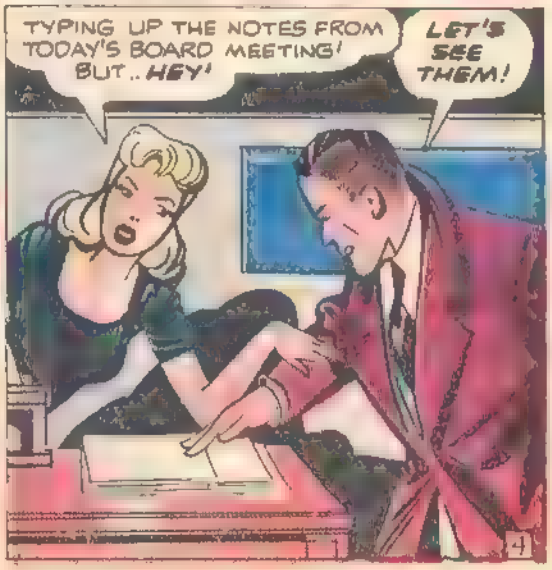
OH...THIS DEAD MAN WAS MARVIN BULGER OF BULGER AND ARNOLD! WHY DID HE FIRE TOM?
HE-HE CALLED TOM A THIEF! I WANTED TO TELL HIM THAT IT COULDN'T BE TRUE!
BUT WHY DID YOU COME HERE TODAY?
MR. ARNOLD HERE SNEAKED ME IN... SAID IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD SEE MR. BULGER!
RIDICULOUS! THE GIRL CAME HERE ON HER OWN AND KILLED HIM!
SO YOU'RE BULGER'S BUSINESS PARTNER, MR. ARNOLD? AND YOU WERE QUITE WILLING TO BE SEARCHED--GIVE ME THAT BOOK!
NO!
BUT JERRY SEIZES THE BOOK!
WHY SO RELUCTANT, MR ARNOLD? I JUST WANT TO BORROW IT.
WHY, YOU.
AND REACHING BETWEEN THE SPINE OF THE BOOK AND ITS BINDING... HE PULLS OUT...
A KNIFE... COVERED WITH BLOOD! NOT STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR BOOKWORMS, MR. ARNOLD!
YOU WON'T GET ME!
JERRY PURSUES THE FLEEING MURDERER INTO THE CLUB LIBRARY..
THERE'S AN EXIT TO THE STREET FROM THIS ROOM! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!


BUT SUDDENLY A BOOK-FILLED CABINET STARTS TO TOPPLE!
THOSE BOOKS! ARNOLD MUST HAVE PUSHED THEM OVER! I'M TRAPPED!


COLLECTING HIMSELF SWIFTLY, JERRY PREPARES TO TAKE UP THE HUNT FOR THE VANISHED KILLER!
YOU ALL REMAIN HERE UNTIL THE POLICE COME! I'M HEADED FOR THE OFFICES OF BULGER AND ARNOLD!


JERRY'S TAXI SPEEDS HIM TO THE OFFICES OF BULGER AND ARNOLD, AND HE BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR.
I WON'T FIND ARNOLD HERE, OF COURSE.. BUT PERHAPS SOMETHING THAT MAY LEAD ME TO HIM...
BULGER AND ARNOLD


HE FINDS A STENOGRAPHER WORKING
WHY...WHO ARE YOU?
A MAN WITH A BADGE THAT ENTITLES HIM TO PLAY POLICEMAN! WORKING LATE, AREN'T YOU, MISS... WHY?


TYPING UP THE NOTES FROM TODAY'S BOARD MEETING! BUT.. HEY!
LET'S SEE THEM!

SWIFTLY THUMBING THROUGH THE NOTES, JERRY FINDS...
MUST HAVE BEEN AN IMPORTANT MEETING! AH, HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING! "I REGRET TO STATE THAT THE THEFTS OF MY SON, THOMAS BULGER, WHOM I DISMISSED THREE WEEKS AGO, WERE MORE SERIOUS THAN FIRST SUPPOSED...AND SOMEONE IN THIS ORGANIZATION... AS YET UNKNOWN...HAS COOPERATED IN THE EMBEZZLEMENT!"
'SOMEBODY" WAS WORKING WITH YOUNG TOM BULGER TO DEFRAUD THE COMPANY.. AND THAT SOMEBODY COULD HAVE BEEN ARNOLD! LOOKS LIKE HE KILLED BULGER TO AVOID DETECTION..AND THEN TRIED TO FRAME TOM'S WIFE!
AFTER A QUICK CHECK OF THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY, JERRY SPEEDS TO THE APARTMENT OF TOM BULGER...
SO THERE'S A TIE-UP BETWEEN YOUNG BULGER AND ARNOLD! THIS MIGHT BE THE PLACE TO GET A LEAD ON ARNOLD!
T BULGER
THE DOOR OPENS, AND...
OH, IT'S YOU! THE POLICE LET ME GO..BUT THEY WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
I BET! BUT IT'S YOU I WANT TO SEE! LET ME IN!
T BULGER
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FORCING YOUR WAY IN HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
TO CHAT WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I THINK HE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON HIS FATHER'S MURDER!
TOM? I CALLED HIM AND TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED! HE'LL BE HOME SOON! BUT HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! ARNOLD...
I KNOW ARNOLD IS THE MURDERER... BUT YOUR HUSBAND HELPED ARNOLD EMBEZZLE COMPANY FUNDS, MRS. BULGER!
5

SNATCHING A CANDLESTICK, MRS. BULGER SWINGS AT JERRY.
THAT'S NOT TRUE! I'LL...
EASY, NOW!
BUT HE EASILY DISARMS THE ANGRY GIRL...
THAT'S NOT BECOMING TO A NICE GIRL!
NOW LISTEN... I HEAR SOMEONE COMING! IF IT'S YOUR HUSBAND, DON'T TELL HIM I'M HERE! I'LL BE IN THE CLOSET! DON'T WORRY, IF HE'S INNOCENT... I'LL CLEAR HIM. I DID IT FOR YOU! PROMISE?
W-WELL... ALL RIGHT...
AS JERRY DUCKS INTO THE CLOSET, TOM BULGER STORMS IN...
HURRY AND PACK! ARNOLD WILL PROBABLY COME HERE!
BUT TOM, WHY SHOULD HE COME HERE?
HOW DUMB CAN YOU BE? ARNOLD AND I WERE STEALING FROM THE OLD MAN! IT HAPPENS I'VE GOT THE CASH HERE!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE BROKE! OHH! ARNOLD...
HELLO, MY YOUNG FRIENDS!
6

THE MURDERER ADVANCES INTO THE ROOM..
GOING AWAY, TOM? I'M MAKING A TRIP MYSELF! I'VE COME FOR EXPENSE MONEY!
YOU! YOU TOLD ME TOM WAS BROKE, SENT ME TO THE CLUB... SO IT WOULD LOOK LIKE I KILLED MR. BULGER!
DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! YOU BUMPED DAD OFF TO SAVE YOUR OWN DIRTY HIDE..THEN TRIED TO FRAME ESTHER!
MY TIME AND PATIENCE ARE SHORT, TOM! GIVE ME THE MONEY..ALL OF IT!
BUT INSTEAD, TOM BULGER LEAPS FOR THE KILLER!
MONEY! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, YOU LOUSE!
BANG!
BANG!
NO!
JERRY STEPS FROM HIDING..
TIME'S UP, GENTLEMEN! YOU CAN CONTINUE THIS CHARMING DEBATE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
DISARMING ARNOLD, JERRY HERDS THE PAIR TOWARD THE DOOR, AND JUSTICE!
A FINE PAIR, MRS BULGER! THE OLD MAN TRUSTED THEM, SO THEY BOTH STOLE FROM HIM... AND ARNOLD KILLED HIM! TOM WILL BE BACK AFTER HE DOES SOME TIME.. IF YOU WANT HIM THEN! BUT ARNOLD IS HEADED FOR A HOT SPOT!
WATCH FOR JERRY JASPER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

REDUCE LARGE BUST APPEARANCE IN SECONDS OR NO COST!

Now large bust women can have a new shapely breast loveliness . . . it's easy to look youthfully trim in your hide-a-away NU-YUTH Bra—developed by America's leading figure control experts—for a shapely, slenderized appearance that you thought was only a dream. And so comfortable! Don't risk a cent. Thrill with your NU-YUTH "appeal" look at our risk!

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Bust size _____ cup _____

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage.

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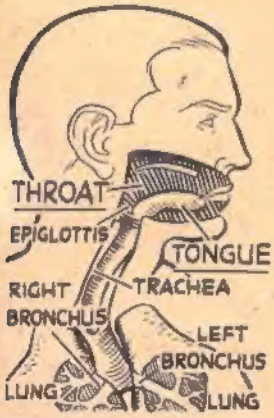

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